LORAIN COUNTY (OHIO) LOG-CABIN BIRTH MEMOIRS
from a series of various (120+) brief responses published in the Elyria Chronicle Telegram newspaper, in Feb.-March 1926.

(Collected by members of *"Black-River-Village Society"*, '2022', for the Lorain County Bicentennial.)

WHO WAS BORN IN A LOG CABIN?

It is evident that many readers of the Chronicle-Telegram were born in log cabins. Yesterday the editor requested all readers who were born in log cabins to send in their names and addresses and to tell where the cabin was located and whether or not it is still standing. Today the Chronicle-Telegram received word from three of its readers who were born in log cabins. If you were born in a log cabin send a note to the editor.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram,
Dear Sir:

I was born in a log house in 1852, one mile north and one-half mile east of Eaton.

I lived there until I was eight years old, and I walked each day a mile and a half through the woods to school. Mother spun the cloth and our shoes were made from full cloth with soles of woodchuck hide. The cabin is no longer standing.

Yours truly,
J. F. Fauver, 228 Fifth Street, Elyria, Ohio.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram,
Dear Sir:

I was born in a log cabin three miles north and three miles west of Penfield in 1859. I lived there eight years. The cabin is no longer standing.

My husband, was born in a log cabin also in 1856 two miles north and one mile west of Spencer. That cabin is also torn down.

When I was a girl I slept in a tumble bed, a small one which was rolled up in the day time and put under the large bed.

Thank you.
Mrs J. D. Clifford, 229 West Second Street, Elyria.

Mrs. Kate Pfaff of Oberlin, was born in a log cabin on the Schramm road, Russia township, the property now being owned by her half sister Mrs. Anna Springer She does not know whether the house is still standing.

Editor Chronicle:

I was born in a one room log cabin two miles south of South Amherst, Dec. 5, 1848. It is not standing When an infant I was bitten by a rat in the night. I cried and mother drove off the rat and cared for my wounds, but I carry the scars on my wrist and finger today. My sister, Mrs. M. D. Wack of Elyria, was born in the same log cabin in 1850.

S. R. Vibber, South Amherst.

Dear Editor:

I was born in 1868 in Brownhelm about fifteen rods from where the depot now stands. I was six years old when we left that home. The barn is still standing that my father built.

J. H. Lapp, 247 Cornell avenue.

Dear Sir:

In a late issue of your valuable paper of which I have been a subscriber for several years, I see a request for the names of people in Lorain county who were born in log houses.

I was born in a log house seventy years ago last September on the town line road between Eaton and Columbia. Only a few years ago moving to Berea. I have two brothers and two sisters also born in the same house, living in Eaton township. They are Mrs. Mary Hill, Mrs. D. C. Pierce, E. M. Hathaway, and one brother P. T. Hathaway, in Columbia, who are all readers of the Chronicle-Telegram. My youngest brother is living on the old farm, where we were born, but the old log house has been gone for over forty years.

I can give you two other names of old school mates who were born in log houses, and are still living in the old neighborhood, Mrs. Hattie Stephens and her brother Frank Herrington. I had rather give up any paper I take than the Chronicle-Telegram.

Mrs. Flora Lewis.

Dear Editor:

Both myself and my brother John Masten were born in a log cabin one mile east of Rochester, Ohio, 75 and 76 years ago, but a large frame house stands there now in which two of my grandchildren were born.

Mrs. Jack Irish, Wellington, O

Dear Editor:

I was born in a one room log cabin two miles north of French Creek, Avon in 1850. It is no longer standing. The roads there were paved with logs, and I walked through the woods to a log cabin school and church.

Mrs. Barres, Ridgeville.

Dear Editor:

I was born in Brownhelm, April 29, 1850, in a log cabin two miles south of Bacon's Corners. The cabin has been down for years.

John Brandau, 128 Winckles Street.

Dear Sir:

I was born in a log cabin, May 20, 1852, in the northeast corner of Penfield township, in what was then known as the settlement. The cabin has since been demolished.

Robert H. Denham, La Grange.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram:—I was born in a log house on Hinckley ridge, on the old State road, two miles east and one mile north of Hinckley center, in 1851, on February 22. The cabin is no longer standing. I am a direct descendant of Miles Standish, eight generations removed.

ELECTA SEARLES BRUMBY,
Kipton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—I was born in a log house in the year 1852 on the Gulf road, Elyria township The house is not standing now. My sister, Mrs. Mary Hulse, of Fremont was born in the same house in 1850

ESTHER A. PROSSER,
Lake Avenue.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram:—I was born in a log cabin in Elyria township in 1866, about two miles from Elyria, south on the Abbe road. The house is stil standing. And I lived there until I was seven year old.

JOHN TERNES,
East Broad St.

Dear Editor:—I was born in a log house on north Murray ridge in 1864, but the house is gone and a large frame house is in its place. The farm is now owned by my brother, John Bechtel, of Amherst.

MRS. WM. SCHUBERT.
510 West River St.

Dear Editor:—I was born in a log cabin on the Amherst Town Line road in Elyria township in 1858.

WILLIAM SCHUBERT,
510 West Rivert St.

Dear Editor:—I was born in a log house two miles east and two miles north of Eaton center, in 1853, and lived there until I was 18. The house had a shake roof and many times I have got out of bed on a cold morning and stepped in a snow bank. My mother spun the yarn for our stockngs and mittens. I have a picture of the old log house now.

MRS MARY HILL,
Columbia Station.

E F Loomis, La Grange, was born in a log house two miles and one mile north of LaGrange, March 10, 1845, and lived in it until eleven years old. It was a two story two room cabin, and he slept in the upper floor where the snow sifted in. He is still in good health and drives his own auto, living on the same farm today. His brother C. Looms was born in the same house in 1853, and now lives in a brick house built by his grandparents in 1819.

Dear Editor— Myself and my sister Mrs. Sarah Tompkins were born in a log house one and a half miles west of Eaton center, I was born Sept., 17, 1852, and my sister on Sept. 3, 1840. The house is not standing.

E. C. Bassett,
Elyria, R. D. 1.

Editor Chronicle—Seeing your request I will say I was born in Chatham, Medina county in June, 1843, in a one room log cabin with a small loft above, that was reached by a ladder. It was located one mile south of the Smith road on the town line between Chatham and Spencer. I also slept in a trundle bed that was pushed under the big bed during the day. When I was ten years old my father built a good frame house, into which my parents, my sister, brother and myself moved, and the cabin was a thing of the past but the frame house still stands in good condition.

Lyman S. Rogers,
Medina, R. D. 5.

Dear Chronicle— I was born in the old log cabin that used to stand on what was known as the Charles Mills farm on Butternut Ridge, two and one-half miles north and one-half mile west from the center of Eaton, August 7, 1848, at 4 o'clock a. m. I signed up for life and thank the lord I am alive and well yet.

V. B Phelps,
Grafton, R. D. 1.

Dear Chronicle—I am a reader of your paper and saw your request desiring all who were born in a log cabin to report. I was born Sept. 10, 1840 in a log cabin three and one-half miles east of Grafton station, on a farm now owned by William Knapp, better known as the Robert Urias farm. The cabin was torn down years ago.

Martin Hopwood, Grafton.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log house in 1869 in Eaton township, two miles south and three-quarters east of Eaton center. It was a four room house and was built by my father in the spring of 1864. We moved out when I was twelve years old. It was torn down recently.

Mrs. Thos. Baker, LaGrange.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin in Russia township, on the Russia road about a mile south of South Amherst in 1852. I lived there until four years old The cabin is no longer standing. I slept in a trundle bed that was rolled up during the day and put under the large bed in the day

Mrs. Lucy Brown,
Amherst, R. D. 1.

Dear Chronicle-Telegram— I am proud to tell you that I was born in a log cabin in South Amherst, August 7, 1852. I was five years old when we left that home and went to a new log cabin in Pittsfield township.

Mrs. David Drage,
129 Gulf street.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a one-room log cabin in the south-west corner of Amherst township on the Telegraph road, August 29, 1835, and I cast my first vote for John C. Fremont, and also voted twice for Abe Lincoln, in Henrietta township.

M. B. Peabody.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log house on West Ridge, four miles west of Elyria. The house is not standing. My wife was born in a log house on what is called Log Lane in Henrietta township. It also is not standing.

A. L. Squire,
Middle Ave. Elyria.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram— I was born in a log cabin one and one-half miles north and one and one-half miles west of Penfield, on May 23, 1852.

Milo Jackson, LaGrange.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin two miles east of Wellington. I have a sister Mrs. Lura Rogers, of Huntington, who was born in the same cabin. I am 83 years old and my sister is 80.

Mrs. Linda Clifford Preston,
Oberlin.

Dear Editor—A few lines to tell you that I was born in a log cabin in Russia township in 1867, and lived there until 1869.

T. C. Maheman,
Wellington, R. D. 2.

Dear Editor—I saw your request for names of those who were born in log houses. I was born in a log house in Rockport township, now called West Park, Cuyahoga county, near the so-called Herrington road, in 1849, and my parents moved to Columbia, Lorain county, March 10, 1852, into a log house in the woods, and lived there on the old farm until July 1st, 1920, and then moved to Lorain, to 201 W. 23d st. I also had three sisters and a brother born in the old log house, they were Phebe Storer, now of Tennessee; Arleta Odell, of Cleveland, Hatti Stephens, of Clumbia Station, and F. D. Herrington, of Columbia Station.

C. F. Herrington,
201 W. 23rd St., Lorain.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin in 1860. It was located about a mile west of Dover on the lake shore. A few years later a new cabin was built, and we lived there until it was destroyed for a frame dwelling. My wife also was born in a log cabin in 1860 in Avon Lake. Six years later it was replaced by a frame dwelling.

Joe Frye, Elyria, R. D. 4.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin, August 21, 1863, two miles west ane one mile south of LaGrange.

Frank West, 523 W. Third St.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin on the River Road in LaGrange township, a mile west of Grafton, on April 21, 1852. I lived there until nine years old when a frame house was built, which was burned July 4, 1900. A new house was then built. I live on and work the farm where I was born 74 years ago.

Alva Seeley, Grafton, R. D. ?.

Editor Chronicle—I have been very much interested in reading the news of people who were born in a log cabin, for I was one of five children, and the only one born in a log cabin. It was located two miles west and one mile north of Sullivan, and stood until a few years ago. Just before they tore it down I went and stood in the door way and had a photo taken which I now have. My mother often remarks it was the happiest time of her married life, with only one room and loft to care for. I resided in Elyria for seven years, and think it is a fine city, and I now take the dear old Chronicle-Telegram.

Mrs. Bertha Geanol,
Sullivan, O.

Gentlemen—I too belong to the "log house brigade" I was born in Henrietta township, on the west line, in a log house, Jan. 20, 1857. The building was torn down before I was old enough to remember it.

F. E. Weeks, Kipton, O.

Chronicle-Telegram — I was born in a one room log cabin about a mile west of Eaton Center on the diagonal road, Oct, 15, 1848, just east of the house now occupied by Maurice Varsey.

Mrs. Clara Thompson Lyon.
Grafton.

[note: (Dr.) F.E. WEEKS, above, was a local-historian.]

Chronicle-Telegram —I was born in a log house built 71 years ago by my father, and it is located on South Prospect Street, Elyria, now a part of this city, and it is still standing. I lived there until I was twenty-one years of age. I believe this is the only original log cabin left in Elyria, the one on the fair grounds being built in 1870

Frank H Smith,
826 West Avenue.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin April 21, 1878, about one mile south of Camden center. I can remember the day it was torn down six years later. The only regret I have is that I have not a picture of it. [redacted]

Mrs Clarence Searles

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin on Sept. 17, 1849 in Eaton township, one mile south of the center on the Mathews farm. We moved from the log house into a new one when I was a year old. The log house was torn down long ago. We had a family of eight children, and but three are living now.

Mrs. M N. Terry,
121 Garvin Ave.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log house Oct., 10, 1875, in Penfield township two and a half miles south and one mile west of Penfield center on the Smith road and two brothers and a sister were also born there. My brother and I slept in a trundle bed with castors on it, and in the day time it was shoved under the big bed. I remember in the winter time the snow would come in under the clap-boards and there would be snow on our bed on the floor. The house was torn down long ago.

J. L. Brouse, 541 W. Second St.

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J. L. Brouse, 541 W. Second St.

Dears Sirs—As I have been reading your log cabin stories I wish to say I was born in one Oct. 25th, 1866, which my father helped to build. It stood one-half mile north of the Case road in a woods at that time owned by E. S. Jackson. I lived there until I was eight years old and then moved to North Ridge where I lived for thirty years. The cabin is not standing at present. I now live at 525 Second Street, and am a meat cutter at Bilow's market.

M. J. Krebs.

Dear Editor—I was born in LaGrange, Ohio, in a log cabin Jan. 22, 1849. My father Boman Freeman cut the forest trees down to make a place for the cabin on what is called the Wheeler road. This was a year before the Big Four railroad was built. That was in 1850. The road's employees used to get their drinking water from my father's well. Many changes have taken place since then. I hold the old home in LaGrange in my name.

Mrs. Isabelle Williams,
826 East 90th Place,
Chicago, Illinois.

Chronicle-Telegram:
Am proud to state that I was born in a log cabin at North Ridgeville, August 21, 1847. The farm is now owned by George Fortune and Lin De Lloyd. One of the most pleasant memories is of my mother spinning before the great fireplace, where she spun yarn for the family use. The hum of the spinning wheel had a charm I never will forget.

Frances Sexton Bastard,
R. D. 1 Elyria.

Dear Editor:
There is one more of today's folks who was born in a log cabin, and I am quite among the young folks yet. I am not quite a half century old now and was born in an old log cabin about one mile south from Broad street on the Abbe road. The cabin is still a good substantial building used for a tool shed, being about 20x30 feet and 14 feet high in which there were two doors, two windows and having floor boards 14 inches wide. There was a row of beds on the second floor where upon a winter morning we have awakened to find little snow drifts upon the covers. It was built by my father, John Ternes, Sr., who still lives on the farm with his elder son, Joe and family who is now 56 years old. Father is 83 and is very feeble being confined to his bed. Besides myself that was born there was Mrs. Frank Smith, 512 E. Broad street; Mrs. Emma Kucheurither, E. Broad street; Mrs. Leo Deidrich, Cleveland; John Ternes, Sugar Ridge. Two more of our family, Mrs. Julia Speath, Chestnut Ridge and Mrs. Thos. Schnider, Sugar Ridge, were born in a frame house.

Peter Ternes, Elyria, R. D. 1

Editor Chronicle:
I was born in a log cabin on the Kipp farm, Island road, Eaton township, Nov. 7, 1852. I now own the farm it having been in the family since my grandfather William Kipp settle it in 1836

Mary Kipp Dimaline, Eaton.

Almost every section of the country has been heard from in recording the names of those born in log cabins. Probably no feature that this paper has undertaken has attracted more attention, or has brought so many responses. Letters are coming in on every mail, and many of them are especially interesting as the old timers tell incidents of their youth.

Dear Editor Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log cabin in April, 1872. The house was located on the Lake Breeze road three miles west of Lorain. It had a bedroom and large living room with a large fire place, where most of our cooking was done in the wintertime. We had one lamp and burned candles mostly for light, mother making them herself. I slept in a trundle bed. In 1880 the Nickle Plate railroad bought the land on the site of our log house. I have a bread beard made from a white oak board 19 inches wide taken from the inside of the house. The farm is still in the family and my mother is still living at the age of 82.

Mrs. A. H. Shaw,
Glendale Court.

Chronicle-Telegram:
In regard to your request for the names of those born in a log cabin, will say, I was born in one on what is now known as the Mitchell farm, the 25th of Sept., 1852.

John Bainbridge,
North Olmsted.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log cabin two miles south of La Grange, June 2, 1849, and lived there four years. Then the family moved to Michigan, and we lived in a log cabin there. In 1856 we came back to La Grange and lived in another log cabin near my birthplace. I also have a sister, Mrs. S. W. Keiner, who was born in the old cabin.

Edwin Nichols, La Grange.

Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log cabin on North Murray Ridge, Elyria township, in 1833. It has been torn down and a frame house built. I have two brothers and three sisters who were born at the same place.

Jacob P. Bechtel, Elyria, R. D. 4.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log house, July 18, 1850, in Liverpool, now known as Valley City. The house has been gone more than forty years. In 1860. we moved to Russia township. We lived near here for ten years, and my brothers and myself always slept in trundle beds. We lived in five log houses and three slab houses.

Jacob Schworer, Grafton.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin that was clapboarded with fence rails and shingled with straw, in 1844, and slept on a straw bed. Pa was a five-footer and Ma was a six-footer. She was so big and strong that she would throw Pa out when he traded a couple of dozen eggs for a gallon of whiskey. One bitter cold night we took the mule in the house and he kicked the stove over and spilled the beans spoiling our supper. Then we built a barn of boards, logs and slabs. Pa made the first windmill here to rock us kids to sleep. We always kept a goat or two and Pa always had Ma's goat for he was up to all sorts of tricks. We never lived in anything but a log or board shack and the last one still stands near the mainroad to Norwalk near Berlin Heights.

L. M. Siebold, Sandusky, O.

Dear Editor—It is interesting to me to read the log cabin brigade. I was born in one, Oct, 25, 1850 at North Olmsted, the first farm on Butternut Ridge on the McKenzie road. When I was eight years old I helped my father tear it down, and we moved into our new home which stood in front of the cabin.

C. H. McKenzie,
1024 West Avenue.

Dear Editor—I was born in 1840, and am now 85 years of age, and one of the few remaining pioneers of Carlisle, I was born in a log cabin on the Merle Penfound farm on the Oberlin road. It has long since disappeared. Indians lived near by, and bears, deer and wild fowl were numerous. I also lived in the first frame house built in Carlisle by my grandfather, and a part of it is still standing on my farm near my birthplace.

Mrs. Persis Squires.

Dear Editor—I was not born in a log house but belong to the trundle bed crew. Some of the advantages of that, the little ones could sleep near to mother; watch the blazing logs in the fireplace, and listen to the family chat going on. Also a trundle bed was so wide there was always room for one more. That was in Carlisle in the early '40's. Four of my younger brothers and sisters were born in a log house in Pittsfield, and I was glad to claim the trundle bed at odd times. Have often thought of writing of the '40's, and am glad others are interested.

Mrs. Sarah C. Wilder Barnard,
323 Bonniewood Drive,
N. E. Cleveland.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log house. (It was never called a cabin) in Rochester township, one mile south and a half mile west of the center, on the west branch of Black river on "St. Patrick's day in the mornin'", 1854. A corner in the lower apartment was partitioned off for a "spare" bedroom. There were two other beds in the main room, one a trundle bed. The chamber was the same dimension as the lower room. The house was roofed with what we called shakes, which often became displaced and we could see stars through the openings. Snow sifted in and gave us an additional blanket for our bed and a nice clean carpet for the floor. Owls clawed and scuffled on the roof in a frightful manner and sounded their hideous anthems just over our heads. In 1864 father enlisted with the "one year more" volunteers and left my brother and me in charge of the farm. On his return a new frame house was built and the log house was taken down and the space added to the garden.

Rev. G. M. Knapp,
Berlin Heights.

Gentlemen:
I was born in a double log cabin in 1858, June the 11th on the banks of the Mohican river three-fourths of a mile north of Orange, Ashland county, Ohio. The house has been gone for twenty years, but the barn is still standing. It has been built over 100 years. My father settled there when it was a wilderness, and the Indians were there yet. I could tell lots of things that happened.

R. H. Heiffner,
R. D. 5, Wellington.

Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log cabin on Skipper Hill, one mile south of Kipton, on the east side of the road, fifty-seven years ago, next April. It burned down some time ago. D. J. Radcliff was also born in a log house on the farm on which he now lives, but on the east side of the road, sixty years ago, last October, and has always lived there except two years in Michigan. We live four miles south of Kipton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Radcliff.

Ed tor Chronicle-Telegram:
I was born in a log house two miles east and one mile south of Eaton Center, July 30, 1855. I have two brothers, C. W. and F. D Longbon, of Eaton, also a brother J. M. Longbon, Columbia and two sisters, Mrs Mary Summa and Mrs. Grace Longson, Berea, who were born there. It has been torn down. Our father cleared the land of a dense forest when he purchased it from the large tract owned by the Day family, which has since been divided into well cultivated farms. Our clothes were made from woolen cloth which was made in Valley City, owned by Wm. Parmalee. Our mother spun yarn and knit our stockings from rolls made at the same factory from wool taken from sheep also raised on our farm.

Mrs. Ella E. Ross, Grafton.

Editor Chronicle:
I was born in a log house in 1813, one half mile north of Kipton. Lived there until twelve years old. My father built a frame house on the same site, which is today in good condition, owned by Conrad Bickle.

Mrs. Mary L. Barckley, Oberlin

Here are some more log cabin letters received from our readers. The interest in this series has continued unabated ever since the first publication. This will be the last week in which they will be published, so get your letter in before Saturday.

Dear Editor:
I was born in a log cabin in 1861. It was located on the C. L. Freeman road, one mile south of South Amherst. I also had two brothers born there. All that is left now are a few apple trees and an old well that stood near the house.

Mrs. L. N. Strickler, Huron, O., R. D. 2.

Dear Editor:
I was born in a log cabin on the town line road between Columbia and Liverpool, Nov. 28, 1848. It was four rooms with living room and two bedrooms down stairs and one room above, built of square timber hewed by hand. It was sided with one-half inch siding and painted, and was lathed and plastered inside. It is still in good condition and is occupied.

Mrs. Calvin Jackson, La Grange.

Editor Chronicle:
I was born in 1869 in a log cabin, situated two miles east of Pittsfield, on the George Stevenson farm. I lived there about two years. It is no longer standing.

Mrs. W. C. Silic, La Grange.

Dead Editor:
I saw your request of all those born in a log cabin. I was born in one Nov. 8, 1856, two and a half miles north of La Grange center, on what is known as the Will Nichols farm.

Mrs. G. W. Robbins, La Grange.

Here are some more log cabin letters received from our readers. Interest in this series continues unabated, and a large number of letters have been published. This will be the last week that they will be received, so get your letter in by Saturday if you were born in a log cabin.

Dear Editor:
I was born in a log cabin in Russia township, August 1, 1846, three miles north of Oberlin on the farm now owned by Simeon Nash My wife, Mary Gibson (nee) Schwartz, was also born in a log cabin in Russia township, Jan. 1, 1852, five miles west of Elyria on the Schramm road on the farm now owned by Henry Schramm. Neither of them are now standing. We have spent all our lives in Russia township, and have celebrated our golden wedding anniversary, and we read the Chronicle-Telegram daily.

Alvah Gibson, Oberlin, R. D. 1.

Dear Editor:
I was born in a log cabin in Avon in 1868. It had three rooms, and I lived there until I was ten. It had a brick chimney that was six feet square at the base and had enough brick in it to build an ordinary small brick house. It had square hewed logs ten inches square and if they were sawed into lumber an inch thick they would enclose a 40x60 barn. Myself and three brothers often found a blanket of snow on our beds in the winter.

S. W. Schwartz, Avon, O.

Dear Editor:
I was born in a log house one ane one-fourth miles west of Frost, Ohio, Athens county in 1897. It had one room and was located between two hills. The chimney was built of stones, and all that remains of it is the chimney.

H. Dana McGill, 1133 Fourth street, Lorain.

Dear Editor.

My mother Sylvia A. Marsh was born in a log cabin in Grafton township, four and a half miles east of Grafton, Nov. 5, 1843. She is now eighty-two years of age. She went to Eustis, Fla., this year to her son C. R. Marsh, making the trip by auto in four and a half days, and said she was not a bit tired. She reads and sews without glasses. The cabin is not standing.

F. V. Marsh, 118 Rush street.

Log cabin stories are still coming in, and the "cabin brigade is growing daily. Many interesting incidents and memories of those who have written to this paper have been included in some of the letters, the last of which will be published Saturday.

Dear Editor—I was born in 1863 in Camden, one mile west and two miles south of Camden center, and two brothers and three sisters were also born there. It was located near the old bear swamp, but was torn down a number of years ago. It had one large room and two bedrooms below. A ladder led through a hole in the floor for access to the upper floor. We got our soft water from a hollow log under the eaves and our drinking water from an old oaken bucket that hung in the well.

Mrs. Emma Reynolds, Kipton.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin on the center road, Henrietta township, March 12, 1852. After a few years my father sold this farm to Alvin Bryant, and we went by wagon to Michigan. May 6, 1870 I was married and with my husband returned to Ohio and settled in North Amherst, where we have resided fifty-six years. We are both enjoying fairly good health.

Mrs. George Linn, Amherst.

Editor Chronicle—I want to add my little bit concerning living in a log cabin. I was born in one in 1852, in the south-east part of Camden township. My father bought the land, cleared it and built the cabin, and also helped to clear the timber away to cut the road through. When I was twelve years old my father bought another piece of land a little west of there, and I lived in a log house there until they built a brick house which is there now.

Hiram Vosburgh, 223 Rush St.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram—I was born in a log cabin near the county line on Butternuat ridge, April 3, 1840. My grandfather came from Vermont to Ohio in 1817 and purchased 1052 acres of land. He came on horse back with his two sons, Johnson and Alva. My father and each of his five sons shared in the purchased land, and father built his first cabin on what is known as the Tyler farm, North Olmsted. Later he sold it and bought the farm further west where I was born. When I was about two years old he built the house which now stands, very little changes having been made. It stands about half way between the county line on Butternut ridge and Stop 46, Green line. I will be 86 years old in April, and was 15 years old before I wore anything but home spun clothes. I hunted deer, wolves, bear and wild turkeys where autos now run, and people have their gardens. Yours full of reminiscences

Freeman N. Stearns,
912 Walnut St.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram—Reading the histories of so many who were born in log cabins, takes me back in retrospection to my girlhood home. My father, Samuel Spafford, came from Vergennes, Vermont, in 1832, settling on a dense tract of wooded land in North Olmsted, then called Butternut ridge. With him was my mother and three sisters, Polly Ann Dibble, Harriet G. Washburn and Lorinda Burdick. Father felled the trees to build his house which for those days was considered large. There was a living room with fire place on one side. On the other side were two bed rooms with a bed sink between. Upstairs were two bed rooms. Father built a brick oven outdoors with a shed over it to protect it from the elements, and mother did all her baking in it for years. Previous to this it was done over and in front of the fireplace. All the sugar they had for years was what came from the sugar bush. I was born in this log cabin February 23, 1842. I can remember seeing deer, bears and wild cats. I was 14 when father built the house that now stands practically as it was built at Stop 43 south side of the Green line, North Olmsted. I was 84 the last birthday and can see in my mind's eye my mother dipping candles, spinning, weaving, and knitting for the family. When I was twelve I wore a home spun dress to school.

Mrs. F. N. Stearns,
912 Walnut St.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram—I was born in Eaton township, April 16, 1862, in a log cabin two miles east of Rawsonville, now Grafton, on a farm with no highway except the C. C. C. & I. Ry. When my father located there he had to clear a place large enough for a house, as it was then heavy timber. After a while he bought a farm adjoining with a log cabin on it, and we moved there. I lived in a log cabin close to nine years, and have wakened mornings with snow on my bed and saw the stars sparkle when it was clear nights through the cracks in the roof. The cabin no longer remains but I lived on the farm until November 15, 1924.

G. H. Box,
East Ave., R. D. 3, Elyria.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin, Sept. 9, 1874, in Sullivan township, two miles north and two and a half east of Sullivan center. It burned down when I was seven years old.

Mrs. F. B. Marvin,
114 Beebe Court.

Dear Editor—I was born in a three-room log cabin in Russia township, on March 2, 1860. The farm is now owned by Herman Barkett, and the cabin was torn down some time ago.

C. H. Swartz, Elyria, R. D.

Dear Editor—I was born in a two-room log cabin in the north-west corner of Russia township in 1866, and lived there until I was 15. It was located on a small farm, which later added to a large farm and the cabin was torn down.

Amelia M. Joy.

Dear Editor—One mile north and two miles east of Eaton center in a log cabin I first saw the light of day, Nov. 18, 1860. A spare bedroom was partitioned off, a recess for mother's bed and the trundle bed. The chamber was all in one room and the roof was of shakes. When I was one day old a severe storm came and the snow blew in on mother's bed, so father worked all day to chink between the logs. One sister, Mrs. Mary Dawley, and a brother, Chas. F. Austin, was born in the same house. We lived there until I was 13, when a frame house was built. The log house was sold to a neighbor and moved west across the road. Here another family was born, some of whom live in Elyria.

Mrs Aledia Hoskin,
1327 East Avenue.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin August 27, 1861, in North Russia, and lived there two years. My parents purchased 22 acres in New Oberlin, which was all thick woods. They cleared it and built a new three room log cabin with three windows and one door, and one window in the room upstairs. My mother sowed her lettuce and small vegetables in the stumps of old trees until they could get the land cleared. She also spun wool into yarn and made the candles out of tallow. I am one of eight children with but three living today. My two young sisters, Mrs. Frank J. Schmitz, of New Oberlin, and Miss Mary Eva Deiderich, who died at 13, were born in this cabin and we lived in it until 1880 when my parents built a two-story frame house besides the cabin, the latter being torn down in 1900. My husband was born in a log cabin, April 15, 1861, about a mile south of St Theresa church, Sheffield, on the Bennet road. It had three rooms downstairs and a large one upstairs and had four windows. They used lard oil lamps without chimneys, using a large needle to pull up the wick. He lived there until he was seven and then the family moved into a frame house. He was one of a family of ten children, eight being born in a log house. His mother spun wool and made socks and mittens and spun flax for thread. We have taken and read the Chronicle for over 27 years and take a great interest in it.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Schmitz,
Oberlin, R. D. 1.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in Carlisle, March 23, 1836, in a one-room log cabin on the Indian Hollow road about a mile south of LaPorte. I lived there until I was ten when my father built a frame house which is now standing. Although nearly 80 years old it has had little repairing. My father, Wm. Allis, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was one of eight men who formed the republican party in Carlisle township.

Mrs. Angie Haring,
242 Second St.

Dear Editor—I was born in a log house on my grandfather's farm in Monroe township, Muskingum county, Ohio. This house was built by grandfather and great-grandfather. It is still standing and is occupied by my brother who owns the farm. Grandfather married Levina Sprague who was the first white child born in Monroe township. Her father came from Nova Scotia to Pennsylvania, and joined the army being a Revolutionary soldier, and was with Washington at Valley Forge. With his family he emigrated to Ohio about the first of the past century. They landed first at Waterford on the Muskingum river, then came to where Dresden now stands; thence to White Eyes, moving his family on a sled, and cutting his way by means of an ax. When they reached Monroe township it was an immense forest except about three acres which the Indians had cleared and upon which they erected a village. The Otsego school house now stands on this three acres.

Mrs. Henry Shauver,
West Ridge, Elyria.

Dear Chronicle—I am a reader of the Chronicle-Telegram, and I know so many that were born in a log cabin. I was born in a log cabin on the Town Line road, between Eaton and Columbia, one-half mile north of the Big Four crossing, April 13, 1867. I well remember sitting around the big fire-place popping corn and cracking hickory nuts, with my four brothers and three sisters, of whom but two are living, Arthur H. C. of Wellington, and Mrs. F. D. Herrington, Columbia.

F. F. Baker,
407 Cleveland St.

Editor Chronicle—I was born January 28, 1851, in a log house on the Gulf road, three miles north of Elyria. I was the youngest of six brothers born in the house.

C. A. Taylor,
Wellington, R. D. No. 2.

Chronicle-Telegram — I was born in a log cabin about two miles from Niles in Trumbull county, July 28, 1854. At the age of 11 my parents moved to Lorain, and my father built a log cabin on Elyria avenue. It had three rooms and a loft. We climbed a ladder built straight up on the wall to reach the loft and many mornings our bed was covered with snow. One day a big black snake crawled in along the logs and my grandfather killed it with his cane. Feb. 28, 1878, I married and moved into a log house on the Gulf road. These houses are no longer standing.

Mrs. Rose Rowlea Carrick,
Elyria, O.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin about five miles from Elyria on the Schramm road. The house was built by my father and had four rooms, two up and two down. I was one of nine children and this log house cared for all of us. I believe it is still standing.

Frank E. Smith,
325 Twelfth St.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in 1863 in a log cabin two miles east of Pittsfield, on the George Stevenson farm, and lived there about two years. It is no longer standing. I live now a mile from where I was born.

Mrs. W. C. Silic,
LaGrange, O.

Editor Chronicle—I have been reading the log cabin letters. I was born in one owned by my step grandfather, George Harris, one mile north and one-half mile west of Sullivan, May 19, 1878. The ground was then covered with snow. The house burned down long after, and a frame house was built that is now standing, occupied by Frank Harris.

Claude C. Arndt,
Sullivan, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The series of log cabin letters which closes today, has proved to be one of the most interesting features in the history of the Chronicle-Telegram. As a rule but little is heard from the older readers of the paper who are not prone to break into print. When one begins to talk about the old days when they were boys and girls a responsive chord is touched and old memories of those happy days come thick and fast. And so it was with the log cabin letters. The boys and girls of years ago who were born in log cabins were proud of the fact, and they wanted to tell the world about it. Many of them went further and told some incidents of their early life that stood out more prominent than any other. They told how father cleared the land, and built the cabin in which they were born, and how mother spun the yarn, and wove the cloth for homespun clothing. How they made candles and soap, shot bears and wolves, and in fact many incidents of pioneer life were brought forcibly to mind. As an educational feature that has been read with interest by the younger generation, it has been a success. Many old neighbors, and former friends have been able to read about each other and to learn that they are still living, and have learned their address. Today's letters close the series that has brought a greater response from our large list of readers than any previous feature.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram—I was born in a one-room log cabin, May 2, 1849, near Eaton center, Lorain county. My parents were early pioneers of the county. My father, Alanson Williams, came to Ohio in 1833 and settled in LaGrange township. My mother, Elizabeth Jay, (granddaughter of John Jay) came to Ohio from York state when three years old, adopted by a maiden lady of Spencer, and settled in Camden. My parents were married November 3, 1842, and lived in Eaton township a few years, when my father bought a small farm in the southwest part of LaGrange, and died in the early part of 1850. My mother married Joshua Johnson in 1852, and died in the fall of 1862. Her death left myself and two older sisters without a home, parents, education or money. My grandfather, Nathaniel Williams, captain of a York state infantry company in the war of 1812, came with his large family to Ohio and settled in LaGrange township. He was closely related to Roger Williams. He moved to Iowa in 1852, and settled in Linn county. My parents and aunt are buried in LaGrange cemetery.

Salonas Williams,
Wellington, O.

Dear Editor—I have been reading with interest the letters from readers in which they tell of their being born in a log cabin. I was born one mile from North Eaton in a log cabin. The cabin was torn down some time ago.

Mrs. Minnie Cook,
North Eaton.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in Germany in a log house, Oct. 7, 1856. House and barn all in one. Could go from our sleeping room onto the hay. Down stairs was living room and kitchen, and the cow came next with only a door between. I lived there until I as ten years old, then came to America with my parents on a sail boat with 300 steerage passengers, and we were fifty-two days coming to New York. I also lived six months in a log house at Harrisburgh, Pa.

FRANK HARR, Kipton

Dear Editor—I was born a log house built by my father 75 years ago about two miles north of the Center road between Columbia and Eaton line. It consisted of a large room, with one corner partitioned off for a spare bedroom. leaving a recess with curtains for my parents bedroom with the trundle bed underneath where each of the six youngsters took turns sleeping. until as we got older we went upstairs where later we had three beds. The roof was covered with white oak shingles and often we have jumped out of our warm feather beds into snow that had sifted in. We had a large fireplace and well do I remember my father rolling in great big logs, and what sport we would have around the blazing fire. We had a frame "lean to" kitchen and pantry. My mother, before her marriage taught school in this district for $1.25 a week and "boarded round." My father helped to fell the great trees from his home from the road south to the Center road. I have heard him tell of having an encounter with a wild cat on the farm now owned by Mrs. Emma Dair. The old house was torn down forty-six years ago and a frame one built where my younger brother, F. C. Hathaway, now lives.

E. M. HATHAWAY, Eaton

Editor Chronicle—I read in your paper where Mrs. D. J. Radcliff was born in a log cabin at Skippe Hill, one mile south of Kipton. I wish to say that myself and brother were born in the same cabin and the strange part of it is that we were all born in April. I was born in April, 1880, my brother, April, 1883, and Mrs. Radcliff, April, 1869.

MRS. MINA BRILL, Oberlin

Dear Editor—I was born in a log house in Brighton, one mile north and one-half mile east of Brighton center March 24, 186[illegible].

and my bro'ter Jay was born in the same house. It was good size for those days, having four rooms and two bedrooms with a chamber above. My brother and I slept in a trundle bed and sister had a room and bed of her own. Mother, who died Jan. 15, 1926, at the age of 98 years, was very proud of her home and kept the floors very clean by scrubbing every day. We were taught to clean our feet before entering the house, a lesson I have never forgotten. About 1859 father built a house a few rods east of the log house that still stands and is well preserved. I spent the greater part of my life on this farm and am still living in Brighton township. In building the new house all the work was done by hand, doors, window sash and frames, floors cupboards and bins for flour and corn meal. The wages paid the carpenters was from 75c to $1.25 per day; stone masons, $1 per day and for plas-terers the outrageous price of $1.35 for a ten hour day.

J. M. BURGE,
Wellington, R. D. 4

Dear Editor—My father, Leonard Cahoon was the first white child born in Avon township. Dec. 1, 1814. Three families came from New York state in Sept. of that year. The omwen stayed with friends in Dover. while their husbands and sons cut a trail through the woods to Exuma, which is now called Avon. Grandfather built a four room slab house on the bank of French Creek where father was born. The other families built on the Ridge road. We celebrated the 100th anniversary of their arrival on Sept. 10, 1914, serving dinner to 350 relatives and old friends. I was born in a log house, Dec. 24, 1850, three miles from French Creek village and two miles from Avon Lake on the Conrad road. The house was torn down many years ago.

SUSAN CAHOON JAMESON,
Avon.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in a log cabin on the LaGrange road Carlisle township. It is not standing. It was on the Wacker farm, at that time owned by my father Christ Lauventhal, a mile south of Carlisle school where I first went to school. It had one main entrance and two windows in front, and I do not remember how many rooms it had as we moved when I was six years old. We went to Ridgeville on the Center road to a log house but no one would know it as it had board sidings over the logs. I lived there until maried when I moved to the place where I now live on the Shawville road Ridgeville.

MRS. JOHN GIBBONS,
Ridgeville

Editor Chronicle — Just one more of those old log cabin stories to the editor. I was born in one in Brownhelm in the year 1846. It consisted of one room. At the age of sixteen my brother Pat and I built a parlor onto the house, where many nights we entertained our old friends. After my father died I started my career being the eldest son of seven children. My first labor was at the stone quarries acting as a water wagon with a yoke around my neck. I was then promoted to be a barn boss in the quarry stables which I kept several years. I was then promoted to raising stones for several months. At the age of 25 I took the golden bonds of matrimony and came to Elyria to live where I have since resided. I am now the proud father of seven sons and one daughter, and my present position is station master of the New York Central depot.

J. F. BURNS,
326 Seventh St.

A number of log cabin letters were received after it was announced that they would cease to be published after last Saturday. In order to not disappoint those who sent them in in good faith they are being published today. A total of nearly one hundred and fifty responses were received while the series were being published. One letter reveivd is from the youngest person in the county born in a log cabin and it is as follows:

Editor Chronicle:

Daniel Bert Dill, son of Mr. and Mrs Ernest Dill, was born in a log cabin on the Dill farm, Belden, Grafton township on March 2, 1925. He is the youngest individual to be born in Lorain county in a log house it is believed.

Ye scribe has read with interest the many log cabin letters written by our pioneer readers and published in the paper and every one has been proud of the fact of being born in a log cabin years ago. I noticed that the series closed on Monday, but I wish to mention that after I had sent in my last list of items I was surprised to learn that little Daniel Bert Dill was born in a log cabin March 3rd 1923 and was one year old last Wednesday. He lives with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dill in the log house on the Dill farm one mile south and one mile east of Holden on the diagonal road. He no doubt is the youngest person born in a log cabin in this locality.

A. M. JOHNSON

Editor Chronicle:

I was born in a log cabin in Columbia township three-quarters of a mile north of the Center road on the town line, on land now owned by Charles Marsh, better known as the John Hawke farm. It was a two-room cabin, and we climbed a ladder to reach the upstairs room. The room downstairs was divided with a curtain. My younger sister Mrs. Perry Bainbridge, of Elyria, was also born there. The rats bit my older sister's ear one night, and she used to cry and not want to go to bed for fear they would bite her again. We used tallow candles for light. We could look through the cracks at night and see the stars shining, and snow would be on the floor in the morning, with rat tracks across it. We lived there until I was five, and then moved into a frame house on the Center road.

W. R. Haws,

Columbia Station.

Dear Editor:

I was born two miles west and one mile north of Lodi, May 17, 1847, in a log cabin built for a born, and later remodled for a house. I am sure the atmosphere of that barn accounts for my fondness for horses. I have had a great deal of pleasure in driving and racing horses in Lorain county as well as adjoining counties. I am now living in Wellington in a brick bungalow at 326 South Main street. My log cabin friends as well as my horse friends are always welcome, if they do not all come at once.

F. N. Camp, Wellington.

Dear Editor:

I was born in a log cabin in North Russia township in 1856, and lived there until I was eight, and I slept in a trundle bed. My husband also was born in a log cabin in Amherst, on what was then known as Harderabble road. His first school house was boarded up and down like a barn.

Mrs. William Schubert,
Elyria, R. D. 2.

Dear Editor—Myself and eleven of my brothers and sisters were born in a four room log cabin just off Center road, Avon. I was born Oct., 1853 and am now 72 years of age I lived there until I was 22 when I was married. It was used as a house for some time, than as a wood shed, and at present is not standing. My father was a shoe maker and he made our shoes. My mother spun yarn and I helped her to knit socks, stockings and mittens, pants, coats, shirts, underwear dresses and other clothing, all done by hand. I was seventeen when we got a sewing machine.

Mrs. Emma Linden Brandt, Elyria.

Dear Editor:

As you requested I will say I was born in a double log cabin in the Ross county hills near Chilli-cothe, Dec. 2, 1852. There were two rooms and a loft reached by a round rung ladder, which we thirteen kids would climb at night to get to bed. In the summer time we would roast, and in the winter would get up in the mornings in a few inches of snow that came in through the clapboard roof. The cabin has disappeared years ago.

Jesse J. Leasure, 1 Frank Ct

Dear Editor:—I was born in a log cabin in Marshall county, 29 miles east of Wheeling, W. Va, Oct. 14, 1856. Where the cabin stood at that time in the edge of a five-acre lot the ground has since been donated as a cemetery. At the age of five I began attending school near by in one room log school house. Sessions began December 1 and closed Feb. 28. Free schools at that time were not established, and parents paid $3

for each scholar for the three months.

S A. WATSON,
507 1-2 E. River St.

Editor Chronicle:

I was born in a large three room log cabin, upstairs and down, near Beavortown, Pa., at the foot of a mountain. Feb. 5, 1877. The roof was made of rough home made clapboards twelve inches wide. The door was hung with barn hinges. I slept in a cradle made of chestnut saplings. There was no lath or plaster, and the squirrels came in between the roof and studding stealing the hickory and chestnuts which we children gathered in the fall. The black snakes would crawl in between the floor and mop boards and wrap around the bed posts. In the winter many times we would wake up and find snow on our bed. There was a fireplace that would take a five foot log. The house was built out of black walnut logs, and is no longer standing.

John Fredericks, Wellington

Dear Editor—I was born in a log cabin with two rooms in Punxsutauny, Jefferson county Pa., Jan. 8, 1874, but when I was a few weeks old, my parents moved to a log cabin in Kintersberg, Indiana county, Pa. Soon after, it burned down. My father and uncle, Wm Wissinger, were out in the field working at the time, and my mother in the excitement forgot about me, but blew the dinner horn, and father came just in time to save me. We moved to my uncle's cabin then. It had a fireplace and a tall stone chimney. When I was small my brother [illegible] and myself slept in a trundle bed that was pushed under the [illegible] bed in the day time.

L. E. Winslnger,
120 Nichols Court.

Editor Chronicle-Telegram—I was born in a log cabin at Sun Prairie, Wis., Nov. 20, 1866. The bed was reached by climbing a ladder and going through a hole in the floor. I can see my mother carefully lifting the top cover our tundle bed after shaking the snow off that had sifted through between the logs. The settler there were mostly Norwegians. It was a common sight to see a band of Indians following the trail to Madison. My brother, W. C. Burrington, of Brook Park, Ohio, was born in the same house in 1869.

Mrs. Chas. Nichols,
LaGrange, O.

Dear Editor—My twin brother and myself were born in a log cabin at Lay's Station, Frederick county, Maryland. The house had two rooms down stairs and three up, and had a large fire place in the kitchen with a big brick chimney on the outside. It had eight windows, two doors and a large porch across the front and on one end. Can remember getting up and finding snow on the bed and floor, and also remember mother making corn cakes on a big griddle plate that stood on the logs. I have six brothers born in a log cabin and it is still standing, and my father, now 84, lived in it until a year ago.

T. C. WHITMORE
336 Harvard Ave.

Editor Chronicle—I was born in Germany in a log house, Oct. 7, 1856. House and barn all in one. Could go from our sleeping room onto the hay. Down stairs was living room and kitchen, and the cow came next with only a door between. I lived there until I was ten years old, then came to America with my parents on a sail boat with 300 steerage passengers, and we were fifty-two days coming to New York. I also lived six months in a log house at Harrisburgh, Pa.

FRANK HARR, Kipton

Editor Chronicle:

While I may not claim close kinship with log house fame, the house I was born in was built of boards that were sawed from logs, and made into a one and half story house. Although built in 1831 it is outwardly unchanged, and the same flat-headed nails hold the boards in place, and paint has kept them from decay. A small maple tree left in the yard has grown to high dimensions since my father cleared the farm, and adds greatly to its charm. Be-neath it brothers and sisters played, planning pleasures far ahead, but like father and mother all moved away to the city of the dead. Time brings changes as days and years go by, but while life and reason last, memories of that home will never die.

I was born in a log house, some say:
But time has gone onward since that day.
Men have risen from cabin to fame,
While, in God's way, they played the game.

Life's lot may be cast 'midst poverty deep,
Where want and dispair, their vigils keep;
But all can strive for an honest name,
And, no matter where born, play the game.

What one has done, others may do.
If, to God and self, they are true:
Born in mansion, or poverty lane,
Success depends on playing the game.

Mrs. M. E. Collins, Ebyr[illegible]

[Note: Naturally, neither “log homes”, nor “log cabins”, were constructed *“of boards that were sawed from logs”*; but it is unknown why some of the respondents preferred the terminology of “log home” instead of “log cabin”; although, potentially, “log cabins” were simply of shorter height.